Time's Lecture to Man.

Why start you at that Skeleton
'Tis your own Picture which you shun
Alive. It did resemble Thee,
And Thou, when dead like that shall be
Converse with it, and then You'll say,
You cannot better spend the Day:
You little think how you'll admire
The Language of those Bones and Wire,
The Tongue is gone, but yet each Joint,
Can Lectures read, and speak to th' Point;
When all your Moralists are read,
You'll find no Tutor like the Dead.

If in Truth's Paths those Feet have trod,
It matters not if bare or shod;
If us'd to travel to the Door
Of the Afflicted, Sick, or Poor,
Tho' to the Dance they were so strange
As their rude Motion not to change;
Those Feet now wing'd shall upward fly,
And tread the Palace of the Sky.

Those Hands if ne'er in Blood were staind
Nor fill'd with Wealth unjustly gain'd,
Nor greedily at Honours grasp't,
But to the Poor Man's Wants unclasp't,
It matters not if in the Mine
They delv'd, or did with Rubies shine.

There grew the Lips, and in that Place,
Where now appears a vacant Space;
Was fix'd the Tongue, an Organ shrill,
Employ'd extreamly well or ill,
I know not if it could retort,
Or shake the Language of the Court;
But this I will presume t'aver,
That if it was no Flatterer;
If it traduc'd no Man's Repute,
If when it could not praise, was mute,
'Twas a blest Tongue, and shall prevail,
When Wit and Eloquence shall fail.

Prime Instances of Nature's Skill,
The Eyes did once those Hollows fill;
Were they quick Sighted, Sparkling, clear
As those of Hawks and Eagles are
Or say, they did with Moisture swim,
And were distorted, blear'd and dim;
Yet if they were from Envy free,
Nor lov'd to gaze on Vanity;
If none with Scorn they did behold,
And with no Amorous Glances roul'd,
Those Eyes more bright & piercing grown
Shall view the great Creator's Throne.
They shall behold th' Invisible,
And on Eternal Glories dwell.

See not the least Remains appear
To shew where Nature plac'd the Ear;
Who knows if it were Musical,
Or cou'd not judge of Sounds at all;
Yet if it were to Council bent,
To Caution and Reproof attent,
That Ear shall with this Sound be blest,
Well-done, and enter into Rest.

If wise as Socrates, that Skull
Had ever been, it's now as dull
As Midas's, Or if it's Wit,
To that of Midas did submit;
It's now as full of Plot and Skill,
As is the Skull of Matchiavel.
Proud Lawrels once might shade that Brow,
Where not so much as Hair grows now.

On Conscience.

A quiet Conscience in a quiet Breast,
Has only Peace, has only Rest:
The Musick, and the Mirth of Kings,
Is out of Tune unless She sings;
Then close thine Eyes in Peace & rest secure,
No Sleep so sweet as thine, no Rest so sure.